

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Modern WHIG,
OR
An Alamode True LOYAL
PROTESTANT.



E is a Certain Insect bred in the Corruption of the late Rebellion, and is (for the most part) a Traytor *Ex traduce.*

At his Majesty's happy Restauration he lay stupified without Sense or Motion, but began by little and little to crawl with new life in the warmth of the Act of Oblivion, and afterwards wantonly basked himself in the Rays of Royal Indulgence and Toleration, till the old Poisonous Ferment began to work and float afresh, and furnished him with Vigour, and Insolence sufficient to his Venom in the Sacred Face of his Great and Gracious Preserver. And though he be sufficiently Conscious of the black Ingratitude, and repeated Provocations, with which he hath all-along abused and affronted the King's God-like Patience and Forbearance, yet the Fool hath had the Impudence to flatter himself with *Agas*, and say, *Surely the bitterness of Death is past*; little thinking that he is still reserved to be hewed in pieces before the Lord.

His Aspect is generally Meagre and Malicious, as representing on the one side the Puritanical Fool, on the other the Political Knave. His Profession (I cannot call it Religion) is of the *Geneva*-Stamp; not that his Conscience, or Prudence ever engaged him in a judicious Inquest, or sober Tryal of this or any other; or that his Wit and Judgment were ever capable Rationally to discern and choose, (for in Speculations of this kind, Nature and his Education have removed him but one degree from an Idiot) but his Father begetting him in the hot Zeal of this Persuasion, and his Dam all that while fixing her teeming Fancy with Adulterous lust on their able Holder-forth, he was moulded a strong *Presbyterian* in the very Womb, and so proves a rank Phanatick by the Pure force of Imagination and Extract: Nor hath he himself been since wanting to improve these natural Dispositions, and Exalt the Rebellious Genius he derived from his Sire and Dam; for observing (or rather being told) that the *Presbyterian* Principles stood in the greatest Opposition to the Established Government, he hath with irreversible Obstinacy Espoused the good Old Cause, and with the Sacred Solemnity of a Sacramental Vow hath devoted himself, Life, and Fortune, to the utter Extirpation of Prelacy, and the Royal Race of the *Stuarts*.

To effect all which, and that he may the more safely, and indiscernibly accomplish his perfidious Designs, he lies perdue in the unsuspected Covert of a *Protestant*; and though that word for ought he knows of the rise and reason of it, may be *Hebrew* for a Baboon, yet he assumes and affects it upon all occasions, because he fancies that it denotes, and signifies distinction and opposition; and he loves all things, and terms of Separation and Contradiction at his very heart. But farther observing that many wise and honest men have plainly discover'd that this Religion of his, and as he manages it, proves in the consequence of Affairs no better than an Antimonarchick-Heresie, therefore the better to supply all its defects, and answer all objections against it, he Palliates its apparent Falshood and Treachery with the specious Epithets of Truth and Loyalty, and with unparallel'd Impudence he once for all roundly styles himself, a true *Loyal Protestant*. He hath been hatching Rebellion, and working under-ground the Subversion of Church and State for these many years past, but hath bestir'd himself with all imaginable Application since the breaking out of the horrid *Papish*-Plot; as imagining that he might with more Success and Safety spring his own Mines (which he had carried on to the very Foundations of the Government) at a time when we were wholly taken up in detecting the Trains and Treacheries of the *Romish* Pioneers: And this hath afore-time in all Ages since the Reformation been his Usage, then more especially to disturb and divert his Governours with Petitions, Grievances, Toleration, Comprehension, and a thousand Tricks and Artifices, when he hath seen their Endeavours and Intentions bent and busied another way, and engaged in Rescuing us from the Imminent Dangers of our *Papish* Adversaries.

The Plot, Popery, and Arbitrary Government is his daily Out-cry, the Common place and burden of his Seditious noise and clamour, and the Pretences of his impertinent Fears and Jealousies; whatever his Factious humour dislikes is *Popish*, and where the Case will not admit of a positive direct Plea, then *Popishly* affected doth the business; and any thing that bridles and restrains his Licentious Insolence, and Seditious Practices is Arbitrary, and Tyrannical. But for all the loud Noise and Cry he makes after the Plot, himself hath proved the chiefest hinderer of its full and home discovery, so that 'tis now almost quite spent and lost in running down a Channel of almost three years distance from its first Spring and Fountain. He plainly foresaw that 'twould thwart and prevent his Designs, if it had forthwith been Traced to the Fountain head, and there stop'd and ended presently (as it might very easily have been) when we were at the near distance of 78, and 79; he rather Chose to Wire-draw it at length with Tricks and Finesses, as having many Stages of devices that were to run parallel with it, and many Plots and Stratagems of his own that he cou'd never Accomplish without this Pretence and Exclamation, that, there hath been, and is still a horrid *Popish* Plot, &c. That, is Still, doth his business.

And thus he hath kept the Plot at Bay for these three years to amuse and divert us, whilst all the while he is in the hot and eager Pursuit of other Game.

He endeavours to Poison the people, and Scare the Nation into Rebellion by Libelling the best King and Government in the world; insinuating malicious and groundless Suggestions of imminent *Popery* and Tyranny, by horrid Stories of *Smithfield* Flames, *Irish* Massacres, &c. by the Villanous Prints of *Carr*, *Cartist*, and a whole Pack of scurrilous Scoundrels, and by a Thousand Artifices daily hammer'd out on the Forge of *Faction* by Republican Operators in their respective Cabals: In a word he hath done all he can to reduce the State of these Kingdoms to present Blood-shed and Desolation, hoping thereby to make his own Markets, purchase his Revenges, and glut his Malice, or at least hide his abominable Head (due long since to Publick Justice) in the general Confusion. Again, our true Loyal *Protestant* to shew how highly he Values his Sovereigns Content and Quiet, is frequently tormenting him with his impertinent Petitions, and that about things as much beyond the reach and judgment, as they are beside the duty and proper business of the Sawey Petitioner; especially since he knows how that his Majesty hath Proclaimed not an Aversion only, but a general Prohibition to such Dangerous and Seditious Must r-Rolls, and Factious Pragmatical intermeddlings: But his greatest Artifice and the Court Bugbear as he thinks, is the perpetually making the King's Ears ring with Clamours about the Succession, so that instead of a Joyful and Duxiful Exclamation of *Vive le Roy*, he is daily Saluting him with a *Memento mori*: This was so harsh and grating to Queen *Elizabeth*, that she returned a sharp *Reprimende* to such as motion'd it, telling them besides, That it was to dig her Grave before she was Dead. Our Modern *Whig*, I say, would lay these Kingdoms in Blood and present Desolation, the better forsooth to prevent the imaginary Evils of a (pretended) *Popish* Successor, and such *Chimeras* as his factious Fancy only hath Conceived in the Womb of Futurity and bare Possibility. His tender Conscience can easily dispense with Disinheriting a Royal Prince of his undoubted Right to Three Crowns, upon a supposition only of being of an Opinion different from himself; and yet nothing can serve his own turn, but Repealing Acts of Parliament to indemnifie his Scismatical Separation, and that he may neglect the Service of God, and break the Laws of the Land with absolute Impunity: This he prettily Stiles, Uniting his Majesties *Protestant* Subjects, though in effect and intent 'tis no better than admitting the *Trojan Horse* (a Magazine of mischiefs) with in the Walls, and we should quickly find that a *Ruit alto a Calamine* would be the Fatal Consequence in our Church. He knows well enough that he hath Blasphemed his *R. H.* beyond all hopes of Pardon, that therefore his *All* is at Stake, there is now no Retreat, his Case is desperate, and he must now push it home in his own Defence.

This is our True *Protestants* Loyal Behaviour towards the Children of that Royal Father who was so lately Murdered, by his Faction; whereas if he had but the least Grain of his so much boasted Loyalty, or indeed of Christianity, he would strive to Expiate that loud-Crying Guilt, and shew his deep abhorrence of that Fact, by paying strict Allegiance to the present Possessor of the Throne, though he were the worst of Tyrants, and by not opposing his *R. H.* the rightful Successor, though he were a profest *Mahometan*.

He hath all along Danced to the *Jesuits* Pipe, and Steer'd by his Compass we know, but of late he hath openly profest, and avowed such Doctrines as these: That 'tis lawful to take any Oaths whatsoever with a Mental *Salvo* for the sake of the good Old Cause. That no Faith is to be kept with the *Tory-Party*. That the self-same Evidence in one Case is Truth and very Oracle, in another Perjury, and Subornation; and, that Truth, and Justice may *Salva Conscientia* be nipt in the bud by *ignoramus*, when *Billa Vera* wou'd be an ill President, prove prejudicial to the Cause, and of bad Consequence when his nearer and dearer Friends turn comes to be Concerned, &c.

To Conclude, a Modern *Whig* is the very Spawn of *Antichrist*, the Counterpart to *Popery*, the *Jesuits* Bum-Crack, the Shame of the Reformation, and the Scandal of Christianity.

FINIS.

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